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CUM UTILI DULCE.

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For the AMERICAN GLEANER.

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Having given some idea of the smallness of particles of inanimate bodies in my last number, which may enable my readers the more readily to receive as truth, the assertions of Lewenhoek, and other writers on the Microscopic discoveries, I will remark that those discoveries display an astonishing *wisdom of Design, and Power of Exetution in the formation of plants, fish, insects, &c. &c.* and I will add here by the bye, that the fruit, or tree, and its fruit, is found by the Microscope to be in the seed; and that animals, of their respective species are seen *in the seed of the males*, as the scriptures of the old and new Testament plainly enough assert, (see Genesis, Chap. 1. V. 11 & 12, and Chap 2 and 9th v. and Epistle to the Hebrews vii. 9th and 10th verse.)

But for a satisfactory account of microscopic discoveries, I refer to Baker's Microscope made easy, and the Encyclopedia Britannica: and for striking instances of that display of wisdom of design and power of execution just remarked, to *Derham's Physico Theology, Ray's Wisdom of God in the creation of the world, Nature Displayed, and to Newyentit's Religious Philosopher*; and indeed for a sufficient illustration of all that I have attempted to state in these essays, I refer to PALEY'S* NATURAL THEOLOGY, that I may be no longer detained from what I had principally in view when I began these essays: I mean, to expose the folly and absurditv of Atheism, and to prove, that *foolish and absurd as Atheism is*, it must be confessed that a *Divine Revelation, is necessary to furnish a full and satisfactory proof of the Being of a God and his Attributes; and that such a revelation has been made through Moses, and the Prophets, and has been confirmed in a manner suited to the comprehension of the meanest capacity by Jesus Christ.* But before I proceed any further, permit me to recommend to my readers the serious perusal of Derham's Astro-Theology, Clark on the Being and attributes of God; and Wollaston's Religion of Nature delineated, and they will be prepared to receive the Gospel, as the greatest and best gift of God to mankind. I trust that I have in my preceding number shewn the absurdity of Atheism, but I think it proper to remark that its folly and absurdity is very conspicuous in the foolish and absurd attempts of Atheists to account for the existence of the world "*A fortuitous concourse of atoms* (without intelligence or design) formed all that we see," *in the beautiful and harmonious system of*

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*See also fifteen discoveriess on the *marvellous works of nature, delivered by a Father to his Children, in a small pocket volume, by* Charles Christopher Reiche, M. A. *Printed in Philadelphia*, 1791.

the universe, said Epicurus and his followers. A Comet struck off a part of the Sun, which was liquid fire, and by a curious process revolved about the Sun, became when cool a sphere of glass, and in time the Globe with all the animals on it, which now inhabit what we call our earth in the solar system, said *Buffon*. No, said Dr. *Darwin* (the *Lucretius* of our days) this could not be the case, from whence came the Comet, what produced it? No, Sir, the earth and all the planets were thrown out of the Sun by a volcanic eruption, and revolved around the Sun in their respective orbits, and the Moon by a volcanic eruption was thrown out of the bowels of the earth, and has revolved around her ever since" (at the distance of about 60 semiclameters, of the earth:) *Darwin* however has the honesty to confess that an astronomer, his friend, whom he had consulted, had assured him that according to his ideas the Moon would have fallen down on the earth, and the planets on the Sun, had they been thrown up from thence: he might have added, as the stones do on Etna and Vesuvius which are seen projected thence, and constantly falling back, to the crater, or over the Mountain's side.

Darwin has said that the Sun, and *all the stars (millions of them)* were thrown out of CHAOS, but he has not told us what CHAOS was, nor by what means CHAOS could produce *volcanic eruptions of Suns*, and *suns volcanic eruptions* of planets. But without a great degree of that divine infatuation with which St. Paul says* the unbeliever's foolish heart is darkened, who can for a moment suppose such a bungling unintelligible, ridiculous account of the universe true?, It is indeed too absurd to deserve confutation!! It deserves ridicule and not a rational answer, and therefore I will conclude this number with an attempt to expose it in rhyme, and in my next number proceed seriously to demonstrate what I have undertaken to prove, viz. *that a Divine Revelation is necessary to furnish a full and satisfactory proof of the being of a God and his attributes*, and that such a revelation has been made through MOSES and the prophets, and has been confirmed, in a manner suited to the meanest capacity by JESUS CHRIST.

A Comet in its wild career,
struck off our earth and whirl'd it here,
A fragment of the burning sun;
And thus a blazing world begun,
Which cool'd in twenty thousand years,
As it from Buffon plain appears.
Men, faithful Dogs and watchful Cats,
Fish, insects, prowling beasts and rats,
On earth in every quarter swarm,
When earth was not for them too warm.
But Darwin says, beyond all doubt,
The earth was from the sun thrown out,
By its own dread volcanic strains
Resembling cause of Child-birth pains,
That *Earth* herself was pregnant too,
Brought forth the *Moon* with much ado.
And that indeed from Chaos flew
Like Etna's stones each star he knew.

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* *Ept. Roman* 1 21*st*.

But what was strange, not one fell back,
But all got whirl'd in different track,
And each by sort of push* and Jerk,*
Perform'd their revolution's work.

But this is a serious subject, and may be exposed in a more serious manner. I will ask the Philosophers therefore,

Why call that *Nature*, we call GOD?
Can't they believe that at his nod,
All that's in Heaven, in seas, on earth,
Had thence an instantaneous birth?
Can't they by reasoning justly find,
A striking proof in their own *mind*,
Of spiritual celestial pow'r,
Which 'bove all earthly things can tow'r?
Which like a GOD their *bodies moves*;
Thus strikingly a God it proves!
For sluggish *Matter* ne'er could give,
To inert substance pow'r to live—
Much less could make that lifeless mass,
For Bacon, Locke or Newton pass.
What but a God-like power could yield,
The beauties of the vernal field?
What but a wond'rous skill divine
Have form'd the stars which twinkling shine?
Could chance have form'd the virgin's face,
Adorn'd with every winning grace?
The sentimental speaking eyes,
Or sympathizing tender sighs?
Filial love, parental care,
Which e'en 'mongst wildest beasts appear?
The *love* of *honor*, fear of shame;
The ardent glow of patriot flame?
Could chance the power of music show,
Or raptures which from music flow?
The God of *harmony* and *love*
That pow'r omnipotent above,
Alone could all these things produce,
And to them all assign their use.
Deserves he then the name of wise,
Who will Religion's aid despise,
And blown about by veering gales
Believes in each free-thinker's tales.

EUSEBIUS.

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* The *Push* alludes to the *projectile*, and the *Jerk* to the Centripetal *force* or Attraction.

Portrait of Washington.

The person of George Washington was uncommonly tall. Mountain air, abundant exercise in the open country, the wholesome toils of the chase, and the delightful scenes of rural life, expanded his limbs to an unusual, but graceful and well proportioned size. His exterior suggested to every beholder the idea of strength, united with manly gracefulness. His form was noble, and his port majestic. No man could approach him but with respect. His frame was robust, his constitution vigorous, and he was capable of enduring great fatigue. His passions were naturally strong; with them was his first contest, and over them his first victory. Before he undertook to command others, he had thoroughly learned to command himself. The powers of his mind were more solid than brilliant. Judgment was his forte. To vivacity, wit, and the sallies of a lively imagination, he made no pretension. His faculties resembled those

of Aristotle, Bacon, Locke and Newton; but were very unlike those of Voltaire. Possessed of a large proportion of common sense, directed by a sound practical judgment, he was better fitted for the exalted station to which he was called, than many others, who to a greater brilliancy of parts, frequently add the eccentricities of genius.

Truth and utility were his objects. He steadily pursued and generally attained them. With this view he thought much, and closely examined every subject on which he was to decide, in all its relations. In making up his mind on great occasions, many of which occurred in which the fate of the army or nation seemed involved, he sought for information from all quarters, revolved the subject by night and by day*, and examined it in every point of view. Guided by these lights, and influenced by an honest and good heart, he was imperceptibly led to decisions which were wise and judicious. Perhaps no man ever lived who was so often called upon to form a judgment in cases of real difficulty, and who so often formed a right one. Engaged in the busy scenes of life, he knew human nature, and the most proper methods of accomplishing proposed objects. Of a thousand propositions, he knew how to distinguish the best, and to select among a thousand the individual most fitted for his purpose.

As a military man, he possessed personal courage, and a firmness which neither danger nor difficulties could shake. His perseverance overcame every obstacle; his moderation conciliated all opposition; his genius supplied every resource. He knew how to conquer by delay, and deserved true praise by despising unmerited censure. Inferior to his adversary in the numbers, the equipment and discipline of his troops, no great advantage was ever obtained over him, and no opportunity to strike an important blow was ever neglected. In the most ardent moments of the contest, his prudent firmness proved the salvation of his country.

The whole range of history does not present a character on which we can dwell with such entire unmixed admiration. His qualities were so happily blended, and so nicely harmonized, that the result was a great and perfect whole.

The integrity of Washington was incorruptible. His principles were free from the contamination of selfish and unworthy passions. His real and avowed motives were the same. His ends were always upright and his means pure. He was a statesman without guile, and his professions, both to his fellow citizens and to foreign nations, were always sincere. No circumstances ever induced him to use duplicity. He was an example of the distinction which exists between wisdom and cunning; and his manly, open conduct, was an

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* *In a letter to Gen. Knox, written after the termination of the revolutionary war, Washington observed—"Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that it was not until lately I could get the better of my usual custom of ruminating as soon as I awoke in the morning, on the business of the ensuing day, and of my surprize at finding, after revolving many things in my mind, that I was no longer a public man, or had any thing to do with public transactions."*

illustration of the soundness of the maxim —" that honesty is the best policy."

[*Ramsay's Life of Washington.*

The following remarkable fact, which happened about twenty-three years ago in North-America, will display the power of Providence to preserve, even under circumstances the most desperate and forlorn, and possesses all the character of a miracle; it is the narrative of the

BOAT WRECK.

It was in the year 1783, in the inhospitable clime of Nova Scotia, that a party was sent one day from a frigate then lying in Halifax Harbour, to a small spot situated at its entrance, called Partridge Island, for the purpose of obtaining wood and water for the ship. It was the morning of Christmas Day; and though the cold was extremely severe, yet the sun illumined the icy shores with its enlivening rays.

Alcander was one of the party sent in the cutter on this piece of service; which having completed they set off, with the long-boat in tow. For a while they rowed cheerfully for the ship; but a quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, before the scud, the sure prognostic of a storm, was seen at a distance; the clouds began to gather; the gale blew from the bason above the harbour and the sea began to run high; while the snow was swept in icy currents through the wind.

The crew continued, however, to row with unceasing perseverance; till at length, seeing the impossibility of reaching the ship with the long boat, they cut it adrift, and pulled away in the cutter with fresh spirits. But the gale had now increased considerably, and the tide had set against them. The whole day was spent in strenuous endeavours to gain the ship; till incessant labour began to be succeeded by the stupor of despair. The cutting cold had now benumbed every faculty; such of the crew as wore their long hair tied, found it frozen to their jackets; their eyelashes became incrusted with frost and snow; and their feet were without any sense of feeling. It was now that the accumulating waves came rolling on, till huge mountains of sea raised the boat on their fearful heights, and then, breaking at once, discharged it, as it were with scorn, into the valley of waters beneath. On each of these seas, death appeared to ride in his triumphal chariot. with the Dæmon of the storm. Happily, the officer who was with Alcander, a veteran seaman, watched their approach with calmness, judgment and fortitude; and, when he beheld the tremendous sea rolling its foaming waves, dexterously presented the boats head to meet their fury, while in their retiring and absence he encouraged the almost exhausted crew to pull with all their strength for the nearest shore. A marine who rowed the bow-oar laid it down in the agony of despair, but was made to renew his exertions by the intrepid helmsman. A fresh danger now presented itself as they approached the land; the breakers appeared under their lee, and they found themselves close to the most rocky part of the shore; the wreck of the boat was inevitable; the awful moment arrived; she struck; and another sea carri-

ed her forward with such rapidity upon the rocks, that her frame was instantaneously shook to pieces, and the planks seperated, which with the thwarts and oars, drifted upon the tops of the billows.

The exhausted crew, frozen in every limb, wounded by the sharp points of the rocks, and up to their necks in water, were scarcely able to reach the shore. The youth Alcander, who was the last of the number, lay for a time senseless, and only awakened from his stupor to meet the horrors of a more dreadful situation.

The crew who had first reached the beach, after having turned round a point formed by some trees, had the good fortune to discover a path, and called to the unhappy Alcander to follow them; but he heard not the friendly summons. Exquisite was the distress of Alcander when he found himself alone. In vain did he halloo to his companions; the loud wind swallowed up the sound, and it was lost. He, however, kept along the beach, hoping that that was the way the people had taken. Nothing surely could be conceived more dreary and forlorn; the rocks marbled in frost; the tall pines and firs bending their branches incrusted with snow, over his head; the sea beating the shore with all the violence of the storm; the moon visible in full glare at one moment, and hid the next by the black clouds scudding before its disk. At length the weary and comfortless Alcander came to a sloop laying on its beams end upon the beach, and, overjoyed at the sight, sought to find some shelter from the cold, and rest from his fatigue within its deck; but great was his disappointment when he found it completely filled with ice. Disheartened at this attempt, he pursued the beach for another mile, dejected and in despair. Presently drowsiness, a sure symptom of the cold having almost reached the heart came over him; he sunk down upon the snow, and uttering an imperfect prayer, resigned himself to death. The sound of guns firing at a distance, in the harbour, from the ships which were celebrating the festival, recalled his senses. The love of life and its enjoyments rushed upon his mind; he thought of his family and friends, and that they were, perhaps, at that moment, drinking the cheerful glass to his health. Roused at the thought, he made an effort to get up, and hallooed as loud as he could, hopeless of being heard; but Providence, *where none appears can find herself a way.* Two figures presented themselves at this moment before him, dressed in fur caps and great coats; they started, and Alcander started in his turn; he could scarcely believe them human; it appeared a miracle that two men should be with him, as it were in a moment, on the dreary shore at that hour; for it was now late at night. They spoke to him in English; and he answered them with astonishment. They were natives, who were employed in clearing some land that belonged to them, and for that purpose constantly kept a fire in the woods, in a temporary log-house, on the spot where they worked. It was to this place they carried the exhausted Alcander, who reviewed the circumstances of his deliverance with amazement; he could scarcely believe it real. To add to his happiness, he discovered the kind features of humanity in the

rude faces of his deliverers: they immediately used every expedient to restore the circulation of the blood, but found the frost had seized the extremities, and had made a rapid progress to the heart; they revived his drooping spirits with some liquor, which they prudently mixed with water, and presented him some biscuit and dried fish: the American settler was kind and courteous. The next morning these friendly natives conveyed Alcander, on a hurdle between them, the nearest road to their own house, where they placed him under the care of Arina, the daughter of the eldest of them. Arina was tall: her features soft and complacent; and her manners engaging. She immediately procured some rich milk from the cow, and presented it to him with that natural grace which outvies the most studied politeness. Her native simple manners pleased Alcander; and she listened with astonishment to the stories he related of a more polished world. Thus did Alcander pass his hours with a kind and sensible American, until he was able to join his ship, whose brave commander rewarded the generous natives with six months provisions, and a new set of rigging for their schooner, named after Arina; for almost every American settler is possessed of a small vessel. Thus did the immediate interposition of Providence snatch Alcander from the arms of death, to prove that where none appears, she can make herself a way, and *that every day we live, is a day of mercy.*

DON QUIXOTTE.

It seems a problem in literature, that a nation the gravest and most seriously disposed by its natural temper and the gloomy despotism of its government and religion should have produced the most lively work that ever was written. It abounds in original humor and exquisite satire. It displays the most copious invention, the most whimsical incidents, and the keenest remarks on the follies of its cotemporaries. There is no book in whatever language that so eminently possesses the power of exciting laughter. The following anecdote may be recorded as an instance of it.

Philip III. being one day at a balcony of the palace at Madrid, observed a young student on the borders of the Manzanares, with a book in his hand, who, as he read, exhibited the most violent marks of ecstacy and admiration, by his gestures and the repeated peals of laughter which he sent forth. Struck with the oddity of the sight the king turned to one of his courtiers, and said, "Either that young man is out of his mind, or he is reading Don Quixote." The courtier desscended for the purpose of satisfying the curiosity of his monarch, and discovered that it actually was a volume of Cervantes, which the youth was perusing with such delight.

IRISH LITERATURE.

It has often surprised me, says Arthur Browne in his Sketches, that a nation like the Irish, remarkable for its valor, and whose inhabitants, even down to the peasantry, are blessed with a peculiar acuteness of mind, and a characteristic turn of wit and pleasantry,

should not have filled a greater space in the eye of mankind. The reason I believe is, that their wit and talent for ridicule are employed in depreciating one another, and their valour too often exhausts itself in idleness and riot.

In Scotland if any man becomes an author, the whole nation joins in praising and elevating him; but in Ireland to be a writer is almost sufficient to ensure mockery; whoever takes up his pen, especially if it be in the province of belles letters, whole tribes of Satarists, like the monkies of Africa, begin to chatter and grin at him, and employ every art to laugh him down; the consequence is, few write; the modest, who have talents, confine their display to conversations and professional exertions, while the Satarists take care to do nothing but find fault, and never venture to expose themselves to criticisms, by writing any thing.

The Irish are so accustomed to be governed by England in every thing, taste as well as politics, that they seem absolutely afraid to give the stamp of approbation to any thing in the first intance, hesitating whether it has merit or not, until they see an English review. They long seemed unconscious of the merits of two considerable works written by sons of their own university, and hesitated to praise till the incense of fame arose to one from the literary altars of Cambridge;* and an English Judge (Blackstone) had declared the other current coin.†

Swift was a satirist exactly suited to their genius, with a power of ridicule too great not to subdue any one who laughed at him; but I am not quite sure, that if Pope had been an Irishman, he would have succeeded so well; his pastorals might have afforded excellent food for pastime, and I am convinced Collins and Gray, and all your ode-makers, would have been laughed down, and discouraged in the infancy of their muse.

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* *Hamilton's Conic Sections.*

† *Sullivan's Lectures.*

THE HORSE.

The ancient historians and biographers have not been satisfied with detailing the lives of illustrious men, but have also given us a minute description of the beauty, the grace, and the exploits of their horses; and there is more consistency between different writers, in their memoirs of this beautiful portion of animated nature, than in their memoirs of intelligent beings; for all the world will agree in their ideas of a rare, beautiful animal, but all the world differ in their opinion of illustrious men. The horse was held in great veneration in heroic ages, as if it had been formed, in the system of nature, the intermediate chain between intellectual and brute creation. Cæsar's horse, we are informed by Suetonius, possessed all the intrepidity of his master. Cæsar, who had a most profound veneration for Alexander, was charmed to possess one trait of resemblance with him. As Bucephalus was distinguished from ordinary horses by a head resembling that of a bull, he elected one which had human feet. The conqueror of Darius, as well as the conqueror of Pompey, were the only men who could mount their favourite coursers. Alexander, built in honour of his horse, the city of Beucephalia, and Cæsar

erected a statue to his in the temple of Venus. Cæsar had another motive for honouring his horse. The astrologers of his time pretended that its birth presaged to him the empire of the world. Cæsar was of course attached to his horse either from superstition or policy, as Sertorious was to his kid, and Mahomet to the pigeon which announced to him the visit of the angel Gabriel. Adrian also had a famous horse named Boristhenes, which he much honoured during his life, and at his death honoured it with a public funeral, erected to it a monument, on which was inscribed an epitaph, written by himself. Verus, who shared with Marcus Aurelius the empire of Rome, carried still further his passion for his horse, which he called Avis. He gave it raisins and pistachio to eat: he kept him in an apartment hung round with purple, and whenever he was much delighted by his agility, he rewarded him with a purse of Gold. None of the emperors, however on this subject equalled the extravagance of Caligula. In the life of this prince Suetonius informs us, that he built for his horse Incitatus a stable of marble, and that the trough, from which he ate, was of ivory; that many slaves were employed to attend upon him; that he often invited him to dine at his table; that he swore by his fortune, and that he even had it in contemplation to name him to the consulship.

THE FINE ARTS.

Busts of PENN, WASHINGTON, and HAMILTON have lately been added to the collections in The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. The first of the common marble of the country, and the two last of the marble of Carrara. The bust of Hamilton is an admirable likeness of that great man and very honourable to the genius of the sculptor. The secretary wig, and the formal band of the benevolent quaker, and the full frizzled foretop of General Washington have rather a ludicrous effect and we believe the adoption of such a costume is utterly repugnant to every correct principle both in painting and statuary. From this ridiculous errour the bust of Hamilton is perfectly free. It is a head *a l'antique*, and indeed has a strong resemblance in feature and expression to the bust of many an illustrious Roman.

Two small statutes in marble of Flora, and of Marsyas punished by Apollo are exquisitely beautiful. The latter, in particular, merits the attentive study of the amateur and the artist. It would be an admirable and appropriate ornament for the reading room of some of our classical scholars. The fable on which the sculpture is founded is one of the most pleasing in ancient Mythology. A mountebank in musick, contending for the mastery with the god of the art, and justly punished for his absurd audacity, very correctly represents the triumph of Genius over the insolence of vulgar pretension.

(Port Folio.)

From Salmagundi, &c.

By Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.

In the description which I gave sometime since, of Cockloft-hall, I totally forgot to make honorable mention of the library; which I confess was a most inexcusable oversight, for in truth it would

bear a comparison, in point of usefulness and eccentricity, with the motley collection of the renowned hero of La Mancha.

It was chiefly gathered together by my grandfather, who spared neither pains nor expense to procure specimens of the oldest, most quaint, and insufferable books in the whole compass of English, Scotch and Irish literature. There is a tradition in the family that the old gentleman once gave a grand entertainment in consequence of having got possession of a copy of a phillippick by archbishop Anselm, against the unseemly luxury of long toed shoes, as worn by the courtiers in the time of William Rufus, which he purchased of an honest brick maker in the neighbourhood, for a little less than forty times its value. He had, undoubtedly, a singular reverence for old authors, and his highest eulogium on his library was, that it consisted of books not to be met with in any other collection, and as the phrase is, entirely out of print. The reason of which was, I suppose, that they were not worthy of being reprinted.

Cousin Christopher preserves these relicks with great care, and has added considerably to the collection, for with the hall he has inherited all the whim-whams of its former possessor. He cherishes a reverential regard for ponderous tomes in greek and latin, though he knows about as much of these languages as a young bachelor of arts does, a year or two after leaving college. A worm-eaten work in eight or ten volumes he compares to an old family, more respectable for its antiquity than its splendour—a lumbering folio he considers as a duke—a sturdy quarto as an earl, and a row of gilded duodecimoes, as so many gallant knights of the garter. But as to modern works of literature, they are thrust into trunks and drawers, as intruding upstarts, and regarded with as much contempt, as mushroom nobility in England; who having risen to grandeur, merely by their talents and services, are regarded as utterly unworthy to mingle their blood with those noble currents that can be traced without a single contamination through a long line of, perhaps, useless and profligate ancestors, up to Wiliam the Bastard's cook, or butler, or groom, or some one of Rollo's freebooters.

WILL WIZARD, whose studies are of a most uncommon complexion, takes great delight in ransacking the library, and has been during his late sojournings at the hall, very constant and devout in his visits to this receptacle of obsolete learning. He seemed particularly tickled with the contents of the great mahogany chest of drawers mentioned in the beginning of this work. This venerable piece has frowned in sullen majesty from a corner of the library, time out of mind, and is filled with musty manuscripts, some in my grandfather's hand-writing, and others evidently written long before his day.

It was a sight worthy of a man's seeing, to behold Will, with his outlandish phiz, poring over old scrawls that would puzzle a whole society of antiquarians to expound, and diving into receptacles of trumpery, which for a century past, had been undisturbed by mortal hand. He would sit for whole hours, with a phlegmatick patience unknown in these degenerate days (except peradventure, among the high

dutch commentators) prying into the quaint obscurity of musty parchments, until his whole face seemed to be converted into a folio leaf of black-letter; and occasionally, when the whimsical meaning of an obscure passage flashed on his mind, his countenance would curl up into an expression of gothick risibility, not unlike the physiognomy of a cabbage leaf writhing before a hot fire.

At such times there was no getting Will to join in our walks, or take any part in our usual recreations—he hardly gave us an oriental tale in a week, and would smoke so inveterately that no one else dared enter the library under pain of suffocation. This was more especially the case when he encountered any knotty piece of writing; and he honestly confessed to me that one worm-eaten manuscript, written in a pestilent crabbed hand, had cost him a box of the best Spanish cygarrs, before he could make it out, and after all, it was not worth a tobacco-stalk. Such is the turn of my knowing associate—only let him get fairly in the track of any odd, out of the way whim-wham, and away he goes, whip and cut, until he either runs down his game, or runs himself out of breath. I never in my life met with a man, who rode his hobby horse more intolerably hard than Wizard.

One of his favourite occupations for some time past, has been the hunting of black-letter, which he holds in high regard, and he often hints that learning has been on the decline ever since the introduction of the roman alphabet. An old book printed three hundred years ago, is a treasure; and a ragged scroll, about one half unintelligible, fills him with rapture. Oh! with what enthusiasm will he dwell on the discovery of the Pandects of Justinian and Livy's history; and when he relates the pious exertions of the Medici in recovering the lost treasures of greek and roman literature, his eye brightens, and his face assumes all the splendor of an illuminated manuscript.

Will had vegitated for a considerable time in perfect tranquility in dust and cobwebs, when one morning as we were gathered on the piazza, listening with exemplary patience to one of cousin Christopher's long stories about the revolutionary war, we were suddenly electrified by an explosion of laughter from the library. My readers, unless, peradventure they have heard honest Will laugh, can form no idea of the prodigious uproar he makes. To hear him in a forest, you would imagine (that is to say, if you were classical enough) that the satyrs and the dryads had just discovered a pair of rural-lovers in the shade, and were deriding, with bursts of obstreperous laughter, the blushes of the nymph and the indignation of the swain:—or if it were suddenly, as in the present instance, to break upon the serene and pensive silence of an autumnal morning, it would cause a sensation something like that which arises from hearing a sudden clap of thunder in a summer's day, when not a cloud is to be seen above the horizon. In short, I recommend Will's laugh as a sovereign remedy for the spleen; and if any of our readers are troubled with this villainous complaint—which can hardly be, if they make good use of our works—I advise them earnestly [illegible] forthwith,

This outrageous merriment of Will's, as may be easily supposed, threw the whole family into a violent fit of *wondering*; we all, with the exception of Christopher, who took this interruption in high dudgeon, silently stole up to the library, and bolting in upon him, were fain at the first glance to join in his inspiring roar. His face—but I despair to give an idea of his appearance — and until his portrait which is now in the hands of an eminent artist, is engraved, my readers must be content—I promise them they shall one day or other, have a striking likeness of Will's indescribable phiz, in all its native comeliness.

Upon my inquiring the occasion of his mirth, he thrust an old rusty, musty, and dusty manuscript into my hand, of which I could not decypher one word out of ten, without more trouble than it was worth. This task, however, he kindly took off my hands, and in little more than eight and forty hours, produced a translation into fair roman letters; though he assured me it had lost a vast deal of its humour by being modernized and degraded into plain english. In return for the great pains he had taken, I could not do less than insert it in our work. Will informs me that it is but one sheet of a stupendous bundle which still remains uninvestigated—who was the author we have not yet discovered; but a note on the back, in my grandfather's hand writing, informs us that it was presented to him as a literary curiosity, by his particular friend, the illustrious RYP VAN DAM, formerly lieutenant-governor of the colony of NEW AMSTERDAM, and whose fame if it has never reached these latter days, it is only because he was too modest a man ever to do any thing worthy of being particularly recorded.

AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

By Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.

When a man is quietly journeying downwards into the valley of the shadow of departed youth, and begins to contemplate in a shortened perspective the end of his pilgrimage, he becomes more solicitous than ever that the remainder of his wayfaring should be smooth and pleasant, and the evening of his life, like the evening of a summer's day, fade away in mild uninterrupted serenity. If happily his heart has escaped uninjured through the dangers of a seductive world, it may then administer to the purest of his felicities, and its chords vibrate more musically for the trials they have sustained—like the viol, which yields a melody sweet in proportion to its age.

To a mind thus temperately harmonized, thus matured and mellowed by a long lapse of years, there is something truly congenial in the quiet enjoyment of our early autumn, amid the tranquilities of the country. There is a sober and chastened air of gaiety diffused over the face of nature, peculiarly interesting to an old man, and when he views the surrounding landscape withering under his eye, it seems as if he and nature were taking a last farewel of each other, and parting with a melancholy smile; like a couple of old friends, who having sported away the spring and summer of life together, part at the approach of winter, with a kind of prophetick fear that they are never to meet again.

It is either my good fortune or

mishap, to be keenly susceptible to the influence of the atmosphere, and I can feel in the morning, before I open my window, whether the wind is easterly. It will not, therefore, I presume, be considered an extravagant instance of vain-glory when I assert, that there are few men who can discriminate more accurately in the different varieties of damps, fogs scotch-mists, and north-east storms, than myself. To the grest discredit of my philosopy I confess, I seldom fail to anathemize and excommunicate the weather, when it sports too rudely with my sensitive system; but then I always endeavour to attone therefor, by eulogizing it when deserving of approbation. And as most of my readers—simple folk!—make but one distinction, to wit, rain and sunshine—living in most honest ignorance of the various nice shades which distinguish one fine day from another, I take the trouble, from time to time, of letting them into the secrets of nature——so will they be the better enabled to enjoy her beauties, with the zest of connoisseurs, and derive at last as much information from my pages, as from the weatherwise lore of the almanack.

Much of my recreation, since I retreated to the Hall, has consisted in making little excursions through the neighbourhood, which abounds in the variety of the wild, romantick, and luxuriant landscape, that generally characterizes the scenery in the vicinity of our rivers. There is not an eminence within a circuit of many miles but commands an extensive range of diversified and enchanting prospect.

Often have I rambled to the summit of some favourite hill, and thence, with feelings sweetly tranquil as the lucid expanse of the heavens that canopied me, have noted the slow and almost impracticable changes that mark the waning year. There are many features peculiar to our autumn, and which give it an individual character. The "green and yellow melancholy" that first steals over the landscape—the mild and steady serenity of the weather, and the transparent purity of the atmosphere speak not merely to the senses of liberal emotions. To this succeeds a fantastic gaiety, a motley dress which the woods assume, whether green and yellow, orange, purple, crimson and scarlet, are whimsically blended together, like the hues in Joseph's coat of many colours.——A sickly splendour this!—like the wild and broken-hearted gaiety that sometimes precedes dissolution—or that childish sportiveness of superannuated age, proceeding, not from a vigorous flow of animal spirits, but from the decay and imbecility of the mind. We might, perhaps, be deceived by this gaudy garb of nature, were it not for the rustling of the falling leaf, which breaking on the stillnes of the scene, seems to announce in prophetic whispers the dreary winter that is approaching. When I have sometimes seen a thrifty young oak, changing its hue of sturdy vigour for a bright, but transient glow of red, it has recalled to my mind the treacherous bloom that once mantled the cheek of a friend who is now no more; and which, while it seems to promise a long life of jocund spirits, was the sure precursor of premature decay. In a little while, and this ostentatious foliage disappears; the close of autumn leaves but one wide expanse of dusky brown, save where some rivulet steals along

bordered with little stripes of green grass—the woodland echoes no more to the carols of the feathered tribes that sported in the leafy covert, and its solitude and silence is uninterrupted, except by the plaintive whistle of the quail, the barking of the squirrel, or the still more melancholy wintry wind, which rushing and swelling through the hollows of the mountains, sighs through the leafless branches of the grove, and seems to mourn the desolation of the year.

To one who, like myself, is fond of drawing comparisons between the different divisions of life, and those of the seasons, there will appear a striking analogy which connects the feelings of the aged with the decline of the year. Often as I contemplate the mild, uniform, and genial lustre, with which the sun cheers and invigorates us in the month of October, and the almost imperceptible haze which, without obscuring, tempers all the asperities of the landscape, and gives to every object a character of stillness and repose, I cannot help comparing it with that portion of existence, when the spring of youthful hope, and the summer of the passions having gone by, reason assumes an undisputed sway, and lights us on with bright, but undazzling lustre adown the hill of life. There is a full and mature luxuriance in the fields that fills the bosom with generous and disinterested content. It is not the thoughtless extravagance of spring, prodigal only in blossoms, nor the languid voluptuousness of summer, feverish in its enjoyments, and teeming only with immature abundance—it is that certain fruition of the labours of the past—the prospect of comfortable realities, which those will be sure to enjoy who have improved the bounteous smiles of heaven, nor wasted away, their spring and summer in empty trifling or criminal indulgence.

Cousin Pindar, who is my constant companion in these expeditions, and who still possesses much of the fire and energy of youthful sentiment, and a buxom hilarity of the spirits, often indeed, draws me from these half-melancholy reveries, and makes me feel young again by the enthusiasm with which he contemplates, and the animation with which he eulogizes the beauties of nature displayed before him. His enthusiastick disposition never allows him to enjoy things by halves, and his feelings are continually breaking out in notes of admiration and ejaculations that sober reason might perhaps deem extravagant:—But for my part, when I see a hale, hearty old man, who has jostled through the rough path of the world, without having worn away the fine edge of his feelings, or blunted his sensibility to natural and moral beauty, I compare him to the evergreen of the forest, whose colours instead of fading at the approach of winter, seem to assume additional lustre, when contrasted with the surrounding desolation—such a man is my friend Pindar—yet sometimes, and particularly at the approach of evening, even he will fall in with my humour; but he soon recovers his natural tone of spirits, and, mounting on the elasticity of his mind, like Ganymede on the eagle's wing, he soars to the ethereal regions of sunshine and fancy.

One afternoon we had strolled to the top of a high hill in the neighbourhood of the Hall, which

commands an almost boundless prospect; and as the shadows began to lengthen around us, and the distant mountains to fade into mist, my cousin was seized with a moralizing fit. "It seems to me," said he, laying his hand lightly on my shoulder, "that there is just at this season and this hour, a sympathy between us and the world we are now contemplating. The evening is stealing upon nature as well as upon us—the shadows of the opening day have given place to those of its close, and the only difference is, that in the morning they were before us, now they are behind, and that the first vanished in splendours of noon-day, the latter will be lost in the oblivion of night—our 'May of life' my dear Launce, has forever fled, our summer is over and gone—But" continued he, suddenly recovering himself and slapping me gaily on the shoulder,—"but why should we repine?—what though the capricious zephyrs of spring, the heats and hurricanes of summer, have given place to the sober sunshine of autumn—and the woods begin to assume the dappled livery of decay—yet the prevailing color is still green——gay, sprightly green.

"Let us then comfort ourselves with this reflection, that though the shades of the morning have given place to those of the evening—though the spring is past, the summer over, and the autumn come—still you and I go on our way rejoicing—and while, like the lofty mountains of our Southern America, our heads are covered with snow, still, like them we feel the genial warmth of spring and summer playing upon our bosoms."

For the American Gleaner.

PEACE OR WAR?

The American People are yet in suspense! *Shall we have Peace or War?* is the enquiry on every side: No circumstance has yet transpired from which we can form a positive opinion on this important question: a few more weeks, at farthest, will relieve us from this most disagreeable state of uncertainty; in the mean time, let us not waste the precious interval in sluggish apathy: if we must have war; if the infatuation of Britain drives us to this necessity;—let us prepare for it with ardour. In the present situation of America, no friend to the country can remain an uninterested spectator: since War is probable, it behoves us to be prepared for the contest; and not merely to defend ourselves against the attacks of our enemy, but to carry on a vigorous offensive war:—If it be better to fight the enemy in his own territory than our own, let us carry the War into the heart of his American Dominions; and he will be compelled to retain for his own defence a large portion of those armaments which had been destined to capture our merchantmen, to bombard our towns, and spread conflagration and destruction along our sea coast. It becomes Military Officers, (at all times, and more especially at this crisis) to make themselves capable of commanding with ability in their respective grades, and those unacquainted with the theory of War, should study the best Authors on Military tactics; to excite a spirit of emulation amongst the Junior Officers and privates; and to be prepared at the shortest warning, not

only to defend their country, but to avenge its wrongs.

Columbians! be united as your forefathers were in the arduous revolutionary struggle! Bury in oblivion the "jarring discords" of party spirit: or, if it be only for a season, lay aside your intestine divisions; and in the event of War, let the contest be, *who shall most effectually serve his country—who shall harm the enemy most?*

MERCER.

[The story of Robert A Machin and Anna d'Arfet, which Mr. Clark has related as sober history, is not well managed in this poem. The lovers are thus described in the island.]

[*Anthology.*

—

" Now evening breathing richer odours sweet,
Came down: a softer sound the circling seas,
The ancient woods resounded, while the dove,
Her murmurs interposing tenderness
Awak'd, yet more endearing, in the hearts
Of those who, sever'd far from human kind,
Woman and man, by vows sincere betroth'd,
Heard but the voice of Nature. The still moon
Arose—they saw it not—cheek was to cheek
Inclin'd, and unawares a stealing tear
Witness'd how blissful was that hour, that seem'd
Not of the hours that time could count. A kiss
Stole on the listening silence; never yet
Here heard; they trembled, e'en as if the Pow'r
That made the world, that planted the first pair
In paradise, amid the garden walk'd—
This since the fairest garden that the world
Has witness'd, by the fabling sons of Greece
Hesperian nam'd, who feign'd the watchful guard
Of the scal'd dragon, and the golden fruit.

On seeing the Picture of Christ blessing the Elements.

—

The thought is Love, in all its kindest care;
'Tis something more than Hope, and yet 'tis Pray'r:
'Tis Confidence and Resignation too
The eye appears with chasten'd glance to view,
On high, the throne of everlasting day.
The silent semblance speaks, it seems to say,
" Vouchsafe, Oh Father! to accept in me
The willing victim of thy dread decree:
Be in my death fulfill'd Redemption's plan,
And *these* the pledges betwixt God and Man."